

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 27, 1878.

Local News.

To lose money is a sign of bad luck.

The Tribune has paused in its mad career.

Pedestrians take the middle of the street.

The WEEKLY JOURNAL of this week is full of interesting matter.

The ferry emerged from temporary winter quarters yesterday and made another trip.

Mexico, Mo., is covered with snow twelve inches deep.

100,000 salmon are to be placed in the Missouri streams.

New Year's call and visiting cards, latest styles, very cheap.

Chances to buy cheap are plentiful among the merchants of the city—those who advertise.

Bayard Taylor was a boss tramp. He retired on a salary of \$17,500 per annum.

Ice of an average of six inches in thickness is being gathered by the harvesters in large quantities.

The U. S. Circuit and District Courts, of this city, will meet again on the first Monday in January—the 6th prox.

Hon. Henry Larimore has been assigned desk No. 4, in the hall of the House of Representatives.—Fulton Telegraph.

We learn that Squire Elston met with a fall on the ice Wednesday and severely injured his hip. Dr. Elston is attending him.

"When you see two men walking arm-in-arm, you can bet one of them is sober," is not applicable just now.

The Senate has postponed the question of the Confirmation of Post Master Hayes till after the holidays.

The Missouri River, one mile below Leavenworth, was frozen solid Tuesday morning—the ice being over seven inches thick.

The influx of politicians at Jefferson City will be heavier the coming session than ever before, as the Senatorial struggle bids fair to be a desperate one.

Glance your eye over the columns of the JOURNAL, make a note of what is advertised and who the advertisers are, and you will be able to make safe purchases.

The legislative committee are making fine progress with their work. The examination of vouchers up to the present time will be completed in a day or so.

Our good friends, Albert Nagel and Charley Miller, veteran typers, are back home for the holidays. They always keep their forms well justified.

Gen. Heckaday and Hon. Henry Larimore will visit our State Institutions during the week, with a view of ascertaining the wants by the Legislature.—Fulton Telegraph.

If the Tribune is not mad because the saloon men were not indicted, will it have the kindness to tell us what pleases it so. It is evidently in a good humor about something.

But what are you beating about the brush for, Mr. Tribune man? What has the violation of the Sunday law to do with the forfeiture of the Mayor's office and that little \$1,000 fine against him?

On the authority of the Tribune we are authorized to say that the assertion that the Tribune is mad because the saloon men were not indicted is a "positive lie." The authority is not first-class, but we give it for what it is worth.

The county court never did have any trouble settling with Treasurer Wagner, Mr. Tribune tarantula, and no one ever made such a charge. If every officer were as prompt and accurate as Chris. Wagner there would be no trouble anywhere.

What has the violation of the Sunday law to do, we repeat, with a fine of \$1,000 against the mayor, and the forfeiture of his office? We impale the jim-jammed tarantula of the Tribune with the sharp point of this interrogation.

The chairman of the Legislative committee, now at work in the Auditor's office, objects to allowing a bill for water for the Governor's mansion, on the ground that it is not right, because he knows the Governor don't take water.

Mr. Swon Ferguson, of Cedar City, called to see us on Monday. He is one of our oldest citizens. He is 83 years old—has resided in the county 59 years—was born in Virginia and raised in Tennessee—he is in the enjoyment of good health, but is unable to get glasses to suit his eyes.—Fulton Telegraph.

The Tribune joins in no crusade against a citizen, but it is assumed that George Wagner is not indicted because Gen. Parsons and Peter Meyers are. Well, that is a quarrel it has with the grand jury and it can fight it out with them. By the way, how does the Tribune know Parsons and Meyers are indicted?

Sam Slick, the banjoist, is dead and gone to the better land "over de ribber." He heard those gentle voiced calling, "old black Joe," and went along. His banjo is left unstrung and his song unsung. He was a favorite among the young and old, black and white, and there will be many a silent tear of sympathy on the grave of black Sam Slick.

Well that the following from an exchange is some of Ed. Silver's work:—The Cole county grand jury have indicted William Rogers, a convict, for the murder of Joe Fore. Before Rogers can be arraigned for trial, he will have to be pardoned for the offence for which he is now serving a long term. The only witnesses to the killing were two other convicts who cannot testify unless they, too, are pardoned. From what is known of the facts in the case it appears that Fore threatened Rogers' life, and that the latter killed him in self-defense.

If we can ever get our hands on that venomous viper of the JOURNAL, which so afflicts the vision of the jim-jammed tarantula of the Tribune, we will make him tell whether he ever impudently a former mayor of the city to arrest and fine John Schott for selling liquor on Sunday or not. In the mean time the Tribune will—pause for a reply.

The remains of Ned. How, a former resident of this city, a brother of Pat. How, were brought to the city from Dennison, Texas, and buried in the Catholic burying ground yesterday. Mr. How was about 50 years of age. His remains were laid to rest by the side of those of his wife and three children, zone before.

The U. S. District court at St. Louis sends a delegation of spiel-makers and counterfeiters to the pen. Wm. H. Beaucelleigh, for three years, J. C. Mabin for two, Madam Ann Welch for one, Jack Evans two, and Jo. Hargate one. Hargate has been an engraver in St. Louis for over twenty years, and once had good standing, but hard times drove to the crime of which he was convicted.

The hired girl sat by the kitchen stove. This was nearing the close of day; A pair of blue stockings her busy hands wove. As she hummed a roundelay.

The light grew dim, the girl grew rash. And she hid to the kerosene; She touched it off—a terrible crash—The end of life's fond dream.

—[San Antonio Herald.]

The jim-jammed tarantula of the Tribune charges George Wagner with violating the Sunday law by selling beer on Sunday. Well does not the Tribune break the Sunday law too, by selling papers and printing on Sunday? And such abominable stuff as the Tribune prints besides. Now George Wagner's beer is good and a drink of it on Sunday will do a fellow a great sight more good than reading the Tribune will. We pause for reply.

Sheriff Zich Emerson, of Johnson county, came down last evening with Frank Davidson and another party, to be placed in the county jail here. Davidson is the man who is accused of murdering William Hargerty at a picnic near Warrensburg last summer. He spent considerable time here in jail, but the Johnson county court failed to reach his case, and he will remain here until the next term, in February. After delivering up these two prisoners, the sheriff, who had five others in tow, recently sentenced, proceeded to Jefferson City with them.—Sedalia Democrat.

THE PUBLIC SCHOOL.

A Delightful Party and Entertainment.

There was a little variation from the beaten track of school exhibitions by the pupils of Nos. 5, 6 and 7 and the High school at the close for the holidays Friday night, and it was an agreeable one.

The pupils and their parents and friends were all gathered in the spacious hall of the Madison House, and the entertainment consisted of music, recitations, declamations and compositions, ending with a grand, good old time children's party, in which games of forfeit and "King William," etc., formed a conspicuous feature.

The programme of exercises consisted of an opening chorus by the school of "The sleigh ride," with Miss Tillie Bergau at the organ. It was well sung, and in the chorus we could almost see them as, "away we go over the snow, jingle, jingle."

Gustavus Dallmeyer, of No. 7, delivered in good style an oration: "Farewell to 1878."

Miss Grace Swift, of the High School, gave with thrilling effect the recitation "After the Battle." Miss Grace has eloquent powers of unusual excellence.

Music by the pupils of No. 7: "I am waiting, waiting." Very sweet and soulful.

Miss Georgie Corwin, of No. 6, recited "The Closing Year" with fine effect.

"Is Santa Claus Dead?" a touching legend of the sorrowful bereavement of a little dreamer of Santa Claus, was pathetically told by Maude Swift, of No. 5.

"Christmas Chimes," a song by the pupils of No. 6, was charmingly sung.

Naoma Preston, on Modern Innovations, was splendid; good in every respect.

"A Battle Scene," by Ada Holmes, of No. 7, was a masterful piece of word painting, and wonderfully well executed.

"Rivers of Song," by the pupils of No. 7, floated out and away, filling the grand hall with an ocean of melody.

Sam Lamkin's declamation on Education was well delivered and very good.

"The School Girl's Task," by Miss Birdie Reed, of No. 7, a composition in rhyming verse, was very entertaining and read with telling effect. It contained a few sarcastic allusions to the Tribune reporter and a member of the board, which were the occasion of merriment.

"Call John," a quartette, was both musical and funny.

The best of the evening was a recitation by Miss May Curry, "The Burial of the Drummer Boy." It was truly magical with what power the little speaker brought out the more pathetic and impressive parts of the piece. All could see that she had been an apt pupil of her accomplished sister, Miss Mattie.

The exercises closed with a dialogue, "Our Country Cousins," with Miss Jennie Hampton as the "doting mamma," which she "did" to perfection. Mamie Bradbury as the spoiled child, and Clara Neef and Miss Hough as sensible city people, all parts excellently sustained, succeeded by a closing song.

PRESENTS.

Then followed a piece that was not on the Principal's programme.

Prof. Rogers was invited to the rostrum by Prof. Albritton, who announced to the audience that on the part of the High School Miss Sue Winslow would now make to Prof. Rogers a Christmas present.

Miss Sue then stepped forward, and in a few well chosen words presented the Professor with elegantly bound volumes of Byron, Scott and Cowper.

The Professor was taken completely by surprise, but made a neat and elegant little speech in reply, accepting the presents with his profound acknowledgments.

Miss Condict, teacher of No. 6, was the recipient of a handsome toilet set as a present from her pupils.

Miss Bradbury, of an elegant writing desk from her pupils, and Mr. Albritton of a beautiful crystal paper holder and inkstand.

The presentation of the presents over, the pupils and teachers joined in a grand old-fashioned children's party, which was highly enjoyed by all present.

A Sheriff Laughs at a Love Scrape.

Verily, it is a fact that "the course of true love never runs smoothly" and the truth of the adage is again demonstrated. Singularly enough it is illustrated in a case of which the JOURNAL made recent mention—that of the convict who succeeded so fortunately in finding for his affianced an accomplished and wealthy daughter of the Southwest.

The hour for the consummation of his earthly bliss, when he was to go forth from the gloomy walls of his long and weary prison abode, a free man, had arrived. Three and three-fourths dark and dreary years ago the ponderous prison gate had closed upon him, shutting him away from the gay world and the charms of society, but at last the day had dawned which promised him the prize of liberty, not only, but the prize of a wealthy and beautiful maiden for a bride to receive, greet and salute him.

What though he had sinned against society and violated its laws? What though he had deceived and wronged his fellow man; what though his heart was desperately wicked, and the disgrace of a felon had been visited upon him? Fortune now promised to deal kindly with him. In a happy moment he had lit upon the idea of winning to his side a woman, and he had won. More than won. A wife and a fortune were within his grasp.

It was not strange, then, when on Saturday last there was placed in his hand a piece of parchment proclaiming to him under the great seal of the State that he had expiated the offense of which he had been found guilty, and was pardoned, the pulse-beats of hope were strong and buoyant in his bosom, lifting him into ecstasies and picturing a field full of bright anticipations. How happy he was. He had waited long and patiently for this hour. As he neared it in his dreams as he had slept in his cell in the great prison hall, the promise of his future had grown more tangible.

"How sweetly did they float upon the wing Of silence through the empty, vaulty night, At every fall smoothing the raven down Of darkness, till it smiled."

The promised hour had come, so pregnant of peace and hope and joy in the new life upon which he was about to enter. The hated "stripes" were hastily discarded, and he stepped with alacrity towards the exit gate of the prison so soon to close upon him and send him forth to the world again.

He had proceeded but a few steps when there appeared before and glowered upon him a man of ominous mien and portentous word.

"Stop a minute, young man, I have business with you."

And in a jiffy a pair of iron bracelets constituted the ornamental portion of the ex-convict's outfit.

"I am the sheriff of Livingston county, and you are wanted to answer an indictment for forgery up there," remarked the mysterious prisoner.

So instead of riding to his wedding in time for a Christmas turkey with her he had wooed and won, with crushed and bleeding heart he sinks into a car seat and is hurried away through a cheerless winter night to a dismal cell in the Chillicothe jail, there to await another sentence, perhaps, which shall doom him to an indefinite delay of his matrimonial expectations.

Now, what will the mamma say?

Lost in the Mississippi.

A heartrending and distressing accident occurred yesterday. In the afternoon Mr. Lane with his wife and two children, went on the ice in the river at Lanesville to enjoy themselves. He improvised a hand sleigh and a large box, into which he placed his wife and children. Two handles extended from the rear of the sleigh, with which Mr. Lane shoved the sleigh on the ice. They were having a delightful time. The ice near the shore was about three inches thick. The river was open in the channel, and ice near the open water was of course much thinner. Mr. Lane, unfortunately, ventured too near the open water. He felt the ice giving way, but before he could retract his steps it broke through, engulfing in the stream the wife, the children and the father—all in a moment were launched into eternity. The maddening shrieks of the drowning family were heard by a party of woodchoppers on an adjacent island, who saw the catastrophe. They hastened to the rescue, but were unable to arrive in time to be of service. Lane and his family were under the ice, their dead bodies probably floating down the river. It was sad to contemplate, and the bronzed faces of the hardy woodchoppers were moistened with tears they could not control. They went to the station and gave the alarm, and then proceeded to Lane's cabin. They found the door unlocked. Inside a bright fire crackled in the stove. The silver-bright tin tea kettle was singing for the return of the family. The cat and dog were nestled under the stove awaiting the return of the two children who petted them. Everything about the house indicated happiness and neatness. The people of the station at once organized to recover the bodies, but up to the time Mr. Hickey passed the station they had not been found. Mr. Lane was the ticket agent at the station, and is spoken of as a man of industrious and frugal habits, and a man who doubt the world and all of his little family.—Dubuque (Ia.) Herald.

Ed. J. Elliston, a notorious three-card monte dealer, has been tried in the Henry County Circuit Court and sentenced to two years imprisonment in the penitentiary. He is the first man ever convicted of dealing in three-card monte in the State.

Hard Times in England.

NEW YORK, December 12.—Yesterday I had a long talk with Mr. Armour, of Armour, Plankinton & Co., one of the largest pork and provision dealers in the United States. Mr. Armour has just returned from England, and he is filled with alarm at the distressing financial status of Great Britain.

"What is the matter over there?" I asked. "A general financial ruin stares them in the face all over England, Ireland and Scotland," said Mr. Armour. "Banks and individuals are failing everywhere. The newspapers do not tell half the story. The English people are in a dreadful condition. Manufacturers are running behind; the tenants cannot pay their rents; real estate has shrunk in value and cannot be sold at any price; the mechanic is idle, and the farmer is poor."

Because their crops do not pay. Prices for farm products are so low that the farmer only makes enough to live on. The 30,000 land monopolists are out in the cold. They can't collect their rents, and many seemingly rich families are actually suffering from poverty."

"What makes provisions so low?"

"The splendid crops made on this side. The fact is, the United States, having no large army to take away the laboring man, is making more provisions than the whole world can eat. We are putting wheat in Liverpool at \$1.08, and pork in Dublin and Glasgow—clear sides, dry salted—for 54¢. Now, can the English farmer stand this? He pays rental on land worth \$300 to \$500 an acre. The lowest farm lands rent for \$10 an acre per annum, and average \$15. The average yield of wheat is eighteen bushels to the acre. Now, how can a farmer pay his rent? They used to sell their pork for fifteen cents per pound; and how can they sell it for 5¢ and live?"

"Then cheap American provisions are ruining the English farmers?"

"Yes. They are bucking their \$300 land against our \$20 land, and the result is the \$300 land is tumbling. The shrinkage is awful already. They are just going through what we have gone through, or rather they are fixed as we would be fixed if some great country like China should ship wheat to Chicago and sell it for thirty cents a bushel and fill up Cincinnati with pork at \$3.00 a barrel. Where would our farmers be then? They would be ruined, and our land values would shrink half within a year, and another crash like that in England would be upon us."

"What remedy do they propose for the hard times?"

"They have no remedy. They are bewildered and discouraged. A member of Parliament told me that he was thinking of advocating an import duty on corn, wheat and pork, and thus put wheat up to \$2 and pork up to \$10. But this would only be enacting the odious Corn laws again. I told this member that if they should put an import duty on wheat and pork that the wages of laboring men would have to be advanced, and then our American manufacturers would have the advantage."

"See," I said, "we are already sending cotton, cloth, cotton thread, and even steel goods and cutlery, to England."

"What do you think will be the end of hard times in England?" I asked.

"They will end in a dreadful depreciation of real estate, the stoppage of the manufactures, general poverty, mob violence, labor insurrections, and a general smash up of business and society. If I had land in England to-day I would sell at any price."

"Have we got through shrinking in America?"

"No. That is, we have and we haven't. Lands east of Iowa must shrink still more in value. \$2.10 for live hogs and 20 cents for corn doesn't mean \$100 farm lands. It means \$20 farm lands. Our dear lands must shrink more yet, while our cheap lands have struck bottom. Corn, pork and wheat are the great levers. They make the price of land."

"How did you find things in Germany?"

"Germany, since she demonetized \$350,000,000 of her silver, is badly off too. Her people are running away to keep out of the army. They come to England stowed in the holds of vessels, hoping to get from there to America. The poor people in Germany and England are all looking towards America. Emigration will be immense next year. Every man who can pay his passage or steal it will get away from Europe, cursed by its big armies and burdensome taxes."

The fact is," said Mr. Armour, "real estate in England, Ireland and Scotland has got to shrink one-half within a year and a half, or the business interests of the United Kingdom have got to go up in one mighty crash."—Cor. Cincinnati Enquirer.

JILTED.

A St. Joe Society Man Attempts to Climb the Golden Stairs.

A news item of startling immensity occurred in this city on Sunday night last, and every effort was made to prevent its reaching the reporter's ears, but as usual it leaked out and a Gazette man was the first to stumble upon it.

A young gentleman, well and favorably known as one of the leaders in society circles, swallowed a quantity of laudanum, with the intention of taking his life. The deed was attempted in his own room. Three young men called him in time to discover his condition and summoned medical aid before the poisonous drug had accomplished its deadly work. None of the details relating to the affair can be learned, though it is stated on good authority by those whose positions enable them to know whereof they speak that for some time past the young man has been most seriously in love with one of the reigning belles of the city, and she having recently jilted him, this is assigned as the cause of his rash attempt. The young lady's brother was sent for, and was present during the time the young man was under the influence of the drug. Skillful medical aid brought him out of the difficulty all right, and next morning he was able to attend to his commercial duties.

Centralia had a fire last week. The residence of S. E. Smith was totally consumed. Loss about \$375. No insurance.

CATARRH

Of Ten Years' Duration. The Discharges Thick, Bloody, and of Foul Odor. Senses of Smell and Taste Wholly Gone. Entirely Cured by SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE.

Messrs. Weeks & Potter: Gentlemen—I feel compelled to acknowledge to you the great benefit SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE has been to me. For ten years I have been afflicted with this loathsome disease, and especially in the winter time has it been most severe. The discharge has been thick and bloody, emitting a foul odor so bad that my presence in a room with others was very offensive to them. One week after commencing the use of SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE I was not troubled with it at all. My senses of taste and smell, which years ago had gone, have now fully returned, and my general health is much improved. Yours, MELBOURNE H. FORD, Short-Hand Writer.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 8, 1876.

LATER.

Gentlemen: The package of SANFORD'S CURE arrived here to-night all right. I don't know what I should have done if it had not been for this remedy. I have tried Nasal Douche and everything else, and although I have been able to stop the offensive discharge, I have not been able to recover my senses of taste and smell until I tried SANFORD'S CURE. You can refer any one you choose to me, and I will cheerfully inform them in detail as to the benefit the remedy has been to me. Yours, MELBOURNE H. FORD.

GRAND RAPIDS, MICH., Nov. 15, 1876.

SANFORD'S RADICAL CURE

not only promptly arrests the corroding discharges in Catarrh, but, by its action, restores to sound health all the organs of the head that have become affected by it, and exhibit any of the following affections:

Defective Eyesight, Inflamed and Matted Eyes, Painful and Watery Eyes, Loss of Hearing, Earache, Neuritis of the Ear, Discharges from the Ear, Ringing Noises in the Head, Dizziness, Nervous Headache, Pains in the Temples, Loss of the Senses of Taste and Smell, Elongation of the Uvula, Inflammation of the Tonsils, Putrid Sore Throat, Tickling or Hacking Cough, Bronchitis, and Bleeding of the Lungs.

Each package contains Dr. Sanford's Improved Inhalant Tube, with full and carefully prepared directions for use in all cases. Price, \$1. For sale by all wholesale and retail druggists and dealers throughout the United States and Canada. WEEKS & POTTER, General Agents and Wholesale Druggists, Boston, Mass.

COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER

An Electro-Galvanic Battery, combined with a highly Medicated Plaster, forming the grandest curative agent in the world of medicine, and utterly surpassing all other Plasters heretofore known. They accomplish more in one week than the old Plasters in a whole year. They do not palliate, they cure. They

Relieve Affections of the Chest.
Relieve Affections of the Lungs.
Relieve Affections of the Heart.
Relieve Affections of the Liver.
Relieve Affections of the Spleen.
Relieve Affections of the Kidneys.
Relieve Affections of the Spine.
Relieve Affections of the Nerves.
Relieve Affections of the Muscles.
Relieve Affections of the Joints.
Relieve Affections of the Bones.
Relieve Affections of the Sinews.

No matter what may be the extent of your suffering, try one of these Plasters. Relief is instantaneous, a fact supported by hundreds of testimonials. In our possession. Bear in mind that the most important discoveries in pharmacy date back less than ten years, and that combinations of gums and essences of plants and shrubs are united with Electricity to form a curative Plaster, in soothing, healing, and strengthening properties as far superior to all other Plasters heretofore in use as the scientific physician is to the horse-leech.

Price, 25 Cents.

Be careful to call for COLLINS' VOLTAIC PLASTER, test you get some worthless imitation. Sold by all Wholesale and Retail Druggists throughout the United States and Canada, and by WEEKS & POTTER, Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

Lost in a Wilderness.

On Wednesday, the 4th inst., George Lisch started from his home, at Mr. Geo. Styer's, on the North Branch, for a day's hunt in the "Stony River Wilderness," in Grant County, W. Va., and up to the time of going to press, nine days, has not returned nor been heard from. Mr. Lisch is a sober, reliable young man, not over twenty-four years of age, and is very popular among all those who knew him. For two or three days no alarm was felt by his friends, who supposed that he had wandered to the home of some distant settler and taken shelter from the stormy weather. On Saturday and Sunday couriers were sent in various directions for many miles in the distance, but no tidings could be had of his whereabouts. On Monday last a general alarm was given, and some thirty-five men started out, some on foot, and some on horseback, but at night all returned without the slightest clew, and on Tuesday the entire settlement on both sides the Potomac turned out, and our informant states that at least 100 men spent the day in hunting over the two counties with no better success. Little hope is now entertained of ever finding him alive. Various theories are entertained by the settlers. Some are searching the north branch of the Potomac River, thinking he might have fallen in and been drowned while crossing over to West Virginia, and some are searching the hammocks on Stony River. Some believe that he met with an accident on land and disabled him and that he is possibly still living, while others, knowing the undaunted courage and hardihood of the young man, believe that he has followed the trail of bears or panthers to their dens and been devoured by them. If either theory is correct it is not at all probable that he will never be found alive, for if disabled by accident in the wilderness he must necessarily have perished from hunger and cold ere this, as the weather has been remarkably severe since he was missing. Mr. Lisch was a very punctual man in his engagements, and as he promised to return the same evening, it is the general opinion throughout the surrounding settlement that he has met with a tragic death. The high esteem in which the young man was held in the community has aroused a universal sympathy for him, and the excitement now prevailing has never been equalled in that section of the country since the days of the late war. We hope to be able to give a solution of the mystery in next week's Herald. In the meantime diligent search should be made along the river bottom down as far as Davis' boom at Piedmont. Since the above was in type a rumor has reached Oakland that the body of a drowned man has been found in the Potomac River, near Piedmont, which is supposed to be that of Mr. Lisch.—Ga. Herald (M.) H. Hald.